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"Brick" Looking for Meteors— Chapter the "Tooth" Time.

[From the *Latrobe Democrat*.]
Last week we published "Brick's" experience on the first night of his star-gazing. How our editorial astronomer succeeded the second night may be learned by reading the following from the *New York Sunday Dispatch* of November 18, which says:

We open our gossip department with an original article just received from the pen of our esteemed Western contributor, "Brick" Pomeroy, who has, it seems, been looking out for

METEORS.

I saw them! the meteors by moon-light alone. They came two abreast, like twins! My first night at the business was not a success—cause the meteors had not started on time. But there were not so many meteors as the papers said there would be. There was not a meteor for each paper, let alone those who watched. After removing myself from the chimney, I felt like a dying sinner, quite certain that my latter end was not to be a success. Smoked glass is good, but a smoked brick is not good. Nor is a too well burnt ditto. My friends laughed at me. I was the butt of ridicule. I did not enjoy their jokes on such a tender theme, so I tried to look stern, and I did.

But I was bound to see the meteors. The Herald said they were coming, sure. The Herald knows! The Herald never told me! The Herald is George Washington the second. Gosh! The Herald supported the meteor ticket, and, of course, it didn't win. They fall so quick they are not seen. But why this digression, vain soul and things?

I wanted to see the meteors. I looked for news from a friend up there—startling news. The roof was too rough for me. My spirit soared aloft; so did I! I took place by the open window. I sat there between midnight and the next morn, and between two chairs. There is no law against it. Says—"Stars, all hail!" But they did not fall. I wanted consolation. I had a bottle full—got it at a spiriture around the corner. It had a downward tendency. Then I had my "Jemima" come in to comfort me. Sweet star is my Jemima. She is not a meteor—simply a fixed star!

Then I had books brought in; then a gig-backed sofa, on which I could recline sideways, to look at the meteors. Had lots of books. Homer's drooping eyelid, the "Woman in White," "All Alone," "In the Dark," "Mary had a Little Lamb." I looked for the meteors but they came not. Solomon in all his glory was not a raid like one of these. I looked at the papers—they said the meteors were on the tramp. Sure. Couldn't see it. Then I looked at Jemima, my fixed star, high in the firmament.

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How come you, sweetly, as you are?

No meteor yet. I looked at the moon all serene. Then I looked at the Milky Way, the cream of the meteor joke, as it went skimming along over head. Then I looked at Orion. No meteors. Then I looked at Little Bear. It looked well. No meteors yet. The stars were peaceful. They would not shoot. They were different from my Jemima's father. Oh dear!

While warming on the chimney-top I took cold in my head. A dabbed bad code id de'ad at that. Every body in our ward took a code id de'ad. I sat by the window, and took another code. Jemima took some, too. She said meteors was a humbug. She retired to her rest. I turned on the gas and read much books. No meteors yet. I read Baxter's *Conversion* of 7-30's, and his *Saints' Rest*, in this house, my heart-stricken; oh, dear! I read five works on astrology, astronomy, and the asteroids, but no meteors came to bless me. I read poetry, Patent-office reports, and fitted myself to give an entertainment by repeating from memory Appleton's *Railway Guide*, or the condition and amount of the National debt. No meteors yet. The curtain went up, but no display. Theaters had removed their shooting gallery. I read my books; I drank my spiriture; I decanted dry; and as my Jemima had gone—my fixed star had gone off—I sought the arms of Morpheus. I slept. I dreamed. I was happy in my agony for I wanted to see the meteors. Dreamed I went to heaven. Heard an angel call me—know she was an angel, or she would not have

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called me off in the still night. Then I saw the stars. I was in the way. They were shooting all about me. I slept, dreamed, and dodged them. Dodged lots of them. Soon one struck me.

I awoke. The morning air was cold. The roosters were crowing over the papers. Jemima, my fixed star, stood in the bed-room door, serenely on her face, a night-cap on her head, and a water-pitcher in her hand. She was the angel I had heard. As I was rubbing my eyes, the water-pitcher came waiting through the air and lit on my head. It lit radically. Jemima had fixed me. All day she called me Burn-sides. Now she was calling out, "Come Old Astronomy, ain't you comin' to bed?" Said I, "What for?" Said she, "None of your business." And I went on with one accord. I left much articles in the room by the open window. Jemima had been on the sling. Gentle Jemima—but she had a stout arm; she had hoisted at me the spittoon; she had projected her shoes at me; she had slung her bottle of Night Blooming Seriousness at me; she had showered wash-bowl, water-pitcher, combs, brushes, the towel-rack, soap box, nail brush at me! No wonder I saw stars as I enjoyed these broken slumbers, in pieces at my feet. She had thrown every thing but her waterfall at me when I awoke and sought my rest with no martial cloak around me, except, except Washburn's Memphis uniform could be called martial. When the next meteors come, don't fail to let me know.

Star-tlingly thine.

"BRICK" POMEROY

Scandal at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Just now the lovers of scandal here are having a nice little piece served up. Madame Rumor, with more of truth in it than is usual with her reports. As she gives it, a young gentleman of this city was paying his "distresses" to a young lady also a resident here. Another young lady took a liking to the beau, and concluded to cut out the first named young lady, which she did, and the young man became engaged in marriage to her. The injured fair one's feelings were turned to gall, and she, resolving, on war to the hilt, in revenge, threw herself in the way of her former lover, and permitted herself to be seduced. She then notifies him that he must "come down with the dust" to the tune of a round thousand, or else she will sue him for damages. He, in return, threatens to prosecute her for seducing him, if she should persist in her demands. Young lady No. 2 then comes in with her demands, claiming that she has a right of action against lady No. 1 for the injury of her feelings and reputation, on account of the conduct of young lady No. 1 toward her accepted lover. At last accounts no progress in unraveling the web had been made. [Grand Rapids, Mich., (Nov. 21) Correspondence of the *Detroit Post*.]

Short Dresses.

The New York papers speak of the latest style of short dresses as already in general use in Broadway. According to the Herald they are very popular both with ladies and gentlemen. With the former, doubtless, on account of convenience, and with the latter on the ground of economy. The old style of trailing skirts which swept in their train all the itane of the streets, were not only very inconvenient and tedious to look at, but expensive to keep in decent trim. One hundred dollar trails to, are very gorgeous in drawing-rooms, and on the sweep of Brussels and velvet carpets, but as brooms to sweep dirty streets they excited more disgust than admiration and besides gave very flattening blows to even plethoric pocket books. We shall look with interest to see our Western ladies adopt this style. The New York Herald says:

"Nothing can be more comfortable, more becoming and more convenient than the latest style of small crinolines and short dresses. Ladies can now walk without dragging their skirts, and ride in cars and omnibuses without taking up three times the amount of space for which they pay. Some women with large ankles have complained of the last fashion upon the ground that the ladies' feet are conspicuously displayed; but we have yet to learn that it is any more indicative for a lady to show her feet, than for a gentleman to show his and gentlemen have been displaying their pedal extremities these thousands of years without censure or remark."

A man in Dacotah thinks he has found Paradise. Hear him: "No income tax, no internal revenue, no apies to see if you treat a friend on Sunday, no special police, no dog tax, no poll tax, school tax or bounty fund. And, to end it with, the Indians and half-breeds can't tell one greenback from another, so all our ones are tens."

The London Times says that when the English people are as intelligent and as well conditioned for self-government as the Americans, there will be no danger in universal suffrage.

Wonders of the Valley of the Amazon.

This chilly weather makes us willing to linger with Agassiz among the palms and rainbow-colored fishes of the Amazon. I did not mean to tell you more about these enticements of the tropics, but how can I help, when they are so entertaining?

Since I last wrote we have been led into the secrets of the palm-tree's heart—the palm, loftiest, most aspiring, the woman, the poet of trees. It seems, after all, to be an enormous variety of grass, as the fibers of the trunk, and veins, and divisions of leaves will show. Prof. Agassiz, with his usual infectious enthusiasm, explained the economy of nature in so arranging the broad and crowding palm leaves upon their stems that each should receive the utmost possible share of all surrounding influences—sun, air, &c. He described picturesquely the foliaceous columns, with their glory of light, arching leaves above, and symmetrical flutings beneath, the scar left by fallen stems of years before. He had looked about and thought if architecture had first been developed in a tropical region we should have had, not Corinthian and Gothic columns, but something in which palm vegetation might perpetuate that beauty of nature which is so impressive everywhere. And the decorations of these lofty arches were as exquisite as their symmetry. Every where clinging trailing vines, orchids with large white flowers deliciously fragrant, and the bananas stood superb with their drooping, crimson blossoms.

It is an interesting fact in chemistry that sometimes where two ingredients form a combination, the same result can be produced by the withdrawal of one and the substitution of another ingredient. We find the same law in vegetable life. At the North our fruit trees, pears, apples, cherries, &c., are broadly classed in one family. It is the rose family. In the Amazon valley the rose does not exist; but the fruits which correspond with ours are also of one family, the myrtle.

In closing this lecture Professor Agassiz called attention to the practical resources of Brazil, which are startlingly numerous: ornamental woods, richly perfumed oils, ropes of palm fibers, strong and light, and now used in the English navy, medicinal plants, dye woods, and fruits to which our importations from Havana are mere stunted refuse. He had seen at Para a display of a hundred and seventy varieties of wood, collected within a space of half a square mile. Yet there is no saw-mill in the valley: the trees are hewn with hatchets into inch boards. He trusted that some of our Maine lumbermen and our trading ships would be tempted to visit the valley of the Amazon and develop its wonderful resources.

Many tropical fishes are brilliantly striped, spotted and colored. One has broad, black plaids upon a golden ground; one has each scale variegated with yellow, blue and orange, so that the combined effect, when it darts through the water, is indescribably brilliant. Some are red, some bright green, and some have purple or crimson stripes and spots. They also have often curious appendages about the nose, elongated jaws, or nostrils, or fringes of feelers that resemble English whiskers. One fish has so short an upper jaw that the strong teeth with which the lower jaw is provided have no corresponding ones to meet them. This creature has feelers some feet in length, which it can elevate like a fishing rod, and thus, as it lies hid in the mud, seize prey and drop it into the waiting mouth below. One family, the Catfishes, has the power of secreting so much water as enables it to leave the river and travel for miles on land. Professor Agassiz has often seen them at this distance, and has even known of their making their way up the rough bark of trees. A gentleman, our consul at Surinam, wrote him that, with the same shot, he had brought down a parrot and one of these fishes.

They build a nest something like that of the strickle-back, but larger, and of coarser materials. Here they deposit eggs and sit upon them. Another family collect in the trunks of trees. A hollow log has been sent him in which seven of these fishes of good size, had crowded themselves; they were so closely packed that he was obliged to split the log in order to remove them, and he could not yet understand how they ever moved about

in such a close mass. Of one family of fish the fat has the property of discoloring the flesh of any animal that feeds upon it, and sometimes producing an eruption. The Indians take advantage of this to produce the bright yellow spots which we often see upon grass parrots. They feed the birds upon the fat of this fish, and the eruption thereby produced changes its feathers. There are in our cabinet, a number of parrots which we had classified as of different species on account of these yellow markings, which we now find to be a mere product of the ingenuity of these savages.

One variety of fish grows to a great size; it is often fifteen feet in length, and is the best of the Amazon valley, forming the principal food of the Indians. Some of the fish are very formidable and much feared by travelers. They have wide mouths, armed with sharp serrated teeth, and will quickly cut out a piece from the flesh of any animal. A cow or mule that should fall into the river would be devoured in the space of an hour by these fishes. One family strongly resemble the electrical eel with which we are acquainted, only they are more highly charged with electricity, so that one of their shocks is too powerful for a man willingly to bear. After three or four strong shocks, the electricity is for a time exhausted, so that the natives, as Humboldt has told, when they undertake to capture these eels, drive mules into the river to receive the first shocks of electricity, and afterwards secure their prey with comparative ease. In the next lecture we are promised Prof. Agassiz's theory of the origin of fishes, and something also of the reptiles and birds of Brazil. [Boston correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*.]

A Sable Bully.

It seems that although Queen Victoria is somewhat advanced in years, and the mother of a large and quite interesting family, she has not been wanting in royal suitors since the death of the prince-consort. In distant Abyssinia reigns a sooty emperor, known as Theodoros, who, in the course of events, heard of the bereavement of his potent cousin of the far-off Isles. Having a pity for her misfortunes and an eye to her empire, the sable monarch sent the widowed queen a letter containing a formal proposal of marriage. The offer was treated with silent contempt, or at least no reply was sent until his sable majesty, concluding that he had been intentionally insulted, seized all the Englishmen that happened to be in his dominions. An envoy was sent out to demand or negotiate for their release. At length the charming widow has been induced to send an autograph letter to her savage suitor, letting him down, it is supposed, as easily as possible, and asking the release of her subjects. We doubt if it will effect the object desired, as the latest intelligence informs us that the queen's subjects, as well as her envoy, had paid the penalty of her insult by leaving their heads in the possession of the executioners of Theodoros.

Of course, Queen Victoria had a right to decline the hand of the royal suitor, but as she, as well as nearly the entire English nation, have advanced the idea of the equality of the negro, we cannot see the impropriety of Theodoros in offering her his hand and heart.

Had an Englishman aspired to mount such dizzy heights as to become a suitor for her hand, we could well imagine her haughty indignation of the impudent subject. But Theodoros has probably the blood of a hundred monarchs coursing through his veins, wears a crown, is one of the Christian princes of Africa; and probably the most enlightened native ruler of that benighted continent, and had, according to English teachings, a right to a respectful "No, sir!"

But, as the old saying is, there is no accounting for a woman's taste; or perhaps, the Queen was jealous of the sooty Emperor's half-dozen Mrs. Theodoros. Be this as it may, her want of courtesy has cost the heads of quite a number of unfortunate Englishmen, and will cost a still larger quantity to avenge them. Such is love and war.

Plenty of Oysters.

From the immense quantity of oysters consumed every year, one might fear that the supply of these delicious shell fish would finally become exhausted. There is little prospect of this, however, as will appear from the following fact: At an exhibition recently given at the London University College, a portion of oyster spawn (eggs) which by calculation showed that a single oyster would produce 1,200,000 young. Should these all come to maturity they would fill 1,200 barrels. If nothing hindered this rapid propagation, the ocean must in a few years be too small to contain the oysters alone. But there are myriads of other hungry inhabitants of the sea which feed upon the oyster spawn; other large creatures eat them, and so by multiplying and eating, and being eaten in turn, there is food enough for all, man included, and the proper balance of inhabitants in the ocean and on land is kept up.

A Man Rat-Killer—Brutal Scene Among the "Fancy" in the City of Brotherly Love.

PHILADELPHIA, November 24.

Some time since, we were induced to visit a rat match, in the northern portion of Philadelphia, and, under the guidance of a "knowing one" prominent in the sporting circles, found ourselves in front of an ordinary looking tavern, a three story brick house with a tall sign post. We reached this place after traversing streets and alleys I had never seen before, but from my previous knowledge of that part of the city, I should judge was not far from Second and Poplar streets. On entering the bar-room there was nothing to distinguish it from a hundred similar places I had seen, except that behind the usual tumbler-and-decanter-loaded counter running along one side of the room, there stood not a hireute bartender, but a remarkably pretty and modest looking young girl. Neatly dressed and smiling, she presented a strange contrast to the vulgar rowdism by which she was surrounded. It was a painful thought that she must have had long experience, young as she was, thus to encounter unabashed the brutal language, and still more brutal looks of the ruffians she served with drink. The greater part of the company, in the intervals between drinks, crowded round a stove in the middle of the room—most of them could be recognized at a glance as sports, gamblers, sharpers and pimps, there was also a sprinkling of students from the medical college, and one or two officers from a ship-of-war in the harbor. The proprietor of the house, a thick-set Englishman, seemed well acquainted with my conductor, for he not only furnished tickets for our admission to the coming fight, but offered to take us up stairs to see his canine menagerie. We accepted the offer and climbed up to the attic, which smelled badly enough, but not so bad as the bar-room. Here there seemed to be dogs of all sizes, ages, shapes and hues, the proprietor produced two or three pet puppies for our admiration, dilated upon the superiority of his dogs, and then let us down stairs again to the rat-pit, which was in the cellar, probably for security from the attacks of the police. It was a dark, dirty place; rough plank seats rose in tiers from the pit in the center to the moldy, snail-tracked wall, with here and there a gaslight sticking out in a vain attempt to enliven the dreary den. The rat pit itself was circular, about six feet in diameter, with a fence round to keep the rats from jumping out. The bottom was covered with sawdust. The seats were soon filled, and then a bull-headed little man, dressed in fighting trim, shorts and tights, jumped into the ring, and informed us that he was disappointed in the non-arrival of a celebrated dog he expected from New York, but that in order that we might not lose our sport, the rats would be put into the ring, and he would either match a dog of his own against them, or kill them himself, just as we pleased. The majority of the crowd seemed delighted at this, and howled out a request that he would kill them himself. A boy then brought in a large bag, and, holding it by the corners, emptied to dozen big ship rats out of it into the pit, pretty much in the style that Professor Anderson shakes out his egg bag. The unsightly animals ran round the pit for a few seconds, trying to jump over the fence, or find some other mode of escape, but failing in this they collected in big black ugly masses, with their little eyes shining like beads. The rat catcher then jumped into the pit and knelt on one knee in the middle of it. A confederate stood outside holding a stop watch, and all at once gave the signal to begin. Then came a horrible spectacle. Quick as lightning the man plunged his hand into the mass of rats, seized one by the back and carried it to his mouth—then a squeak and a crunch, and the lifeless carcass was tossed aside with a broken neck. As soon as the rats found out what was going on and that there was no escape for them, they attacked the man, climbing up on his thighs, but he was too quick to let them get higher; he kept both hands busy and looked as if he was a magician, ylling a constant stream of dead rats from his mouth. Before as long as it

has taken to tell it, the bottom of the pit was covered with dead bodies. One of two terrified survivors were caught and killed, and then, amid exclamations of delight from the audience, the man jumped up, felt his hip which had been bitten once or twice, pulled the rat hairs from between his teeth, and washed away the taste with a glass of liquor. Such a description needs no further comment. [Correspondence *New York Herald*.]

[From the *Hartford (Conn.) Times*.]

A Planet in a Blaze—it is Our Turn Next.

Mrs. Mrs. Edrons. The belief that this earth is eventually to be destroyed by fire, is substantiated by the discovery that planets, exceeding the earth in size, have been subjected to heat so intense as to entirely annihilate them from the firmament. The keen eye of the telescope, gathering rays from the planets which are visible and fixed, has afforded to the vision of the astronomer sufficient light for him to assert that nearly two thousand of these stars have disappeared from the firmament within the last four centuries.

A few evenings since, while watching the firmament with the moon at her full, my attention was attracted to a large star which stood a few degrees above the eastern horizon, and apparently on fire. It represented very nearly a revolving beacon light—alternating in color—first, its light presented a bright crimson color, then followed a pale bluish tint, then it would relapse into its natural whiteness—presenting all the phenomena of a large conflagration when acted upon by a strong wind. I am of the opinion that the star was being consumed by fire.

Such are the triumphs of true science, (which always leads the aspirations of man God-ward) that the laws which have prevailed in kingdoms made with hands, are used to embellish the Word of Truth, by the mental research of the noblest work of God—man. Who dares dispute the teachings of the revealed Word, that this Earth shall no more be overpowered with water, but that the time shall come when our planet shall melt with fervent heat. Unaffected by this deletion, who can say that other planets will not keep up their revolution and track the Heavens, still borrowing their dazzling splendor from the Great Central Orb.

REV. A. WEBSTER MILLS, Lebanon, Connecticut, Dec. 1, 1866.

The Effects of the Cable on Trade.

The Atlantic cable seems to be working a complete revolution in trade between America and Europe, and as an instance of the extent to which this is done, and of the celerity with which the cable can transmit dispatches, it is announced that English orders upon the San Francisco markets for the purchase of the fine wheat of California have passed through the cable and by overland telegraph between London and San Francisco. So promptly are these orders executed that we are informed that advices of the purchase of wheat have been returned to the London merchant who sent the orders in the morning by the evening of the same day. Upon diplomatic relations the cable has a great influence, by shortening the time of communication between the United States Government and her Ministers abroad. The longest dispatch ever sent over the cable was one of more than 5,000 words, transmitted on Monday by Secretary Seward to one of our foreign Ministers. The cost of this dispatch, if cyphers, as Government dispatches usually are sent, must have been at least \$25,000 in gold.

Piracy and Murder on an American Vessel.

Recent advices from Hong Kong, China, announce a horrible case of piracy and murder. The American brigant, *ne Lulra*, being bound about 75 miles from Hong Kong harbor, was attacked by a piratical Chinese junk, and boarded by the pirates.

The crew of the *Lulra* took to the rigging to avoid the pirates cutlasses and stink pots—a kind of hand grenade—made of earthen ware which on explosion emit intolerable fumes. The pirates were about forty in number, the crew of the brigantine five Americans and three Chinese. Of the Americans the Captain and three seamen were killed, and the three Chinese (one a woman) were killed and their bodies thrown overboard. The Captain had his wife and two children on board, and was killed while holding his wife and daughter in his arms, endeavoring to get them aloft into the rigging. One mate, one seaman, and the Captain's wife remained on board and succeeded in getting the vessel, pillaged of its cargo, into port.

A train and keg of powder was fixed when the pirates left to blow up the brigantine with all on board, but the seaman seeing the powder train drenchedit.

To what city in Europe is a man going when he marries?

Answer by happy pair—He's going to Louvain.

Young lady—Oh! it's Nice.

Old maid—It's Hamburg.

Solid Dutchman—Bologna.

Impudent fellow—To Brest.

Bigot—To Dublin, sure.

Practical parent—He's going to Havre.

Sneaking old bachelor—He's going to Rouen.